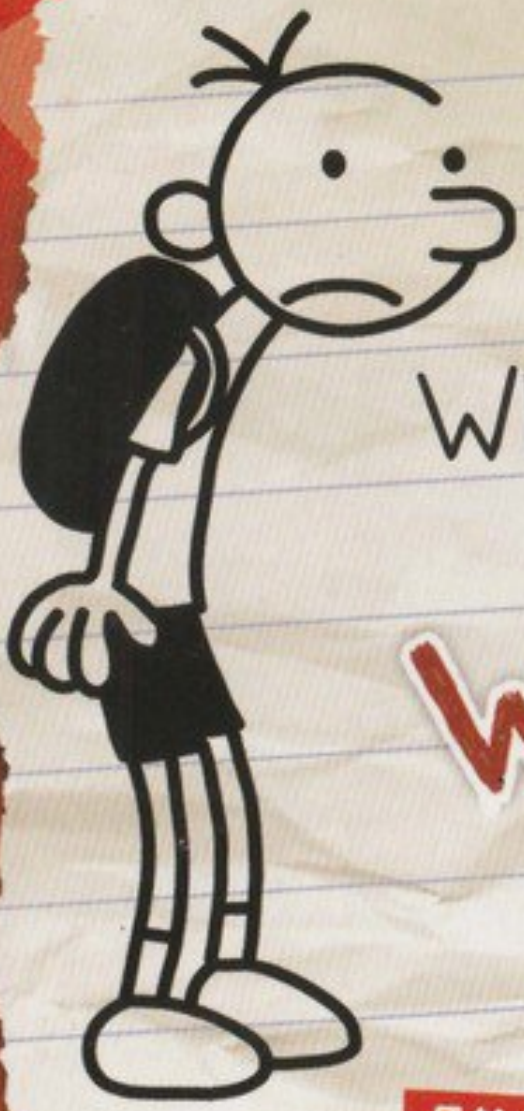
READ ME, MORON!



WHO IS THE Wimpy Kid?

EXCLUSIVE TOUR OF THE WIMPY KID'S COMIC WORLD.

JUST DON'T EXPECT ANY HEROES.

Jeff Kinney

DIARY of a Wimpy Kid

GREG HEFFLEY'S JOURNAL

by Jeff Kinney

PUFFIN

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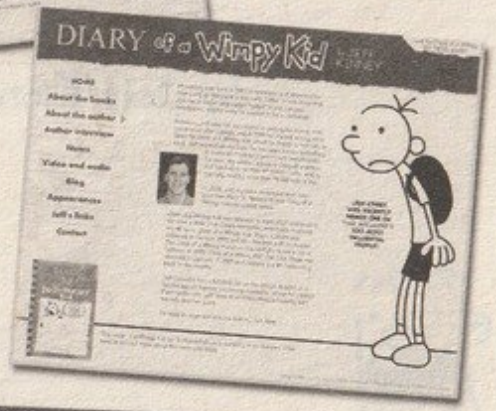

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EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT

THE Wimpy Kid

Greg is stuck in middle school with a bunch of morons (including his best friend, Rowley). His parents are crazy. His brothers are REALLY annoying. How does he cope? By writing it down!

Just don't expect him to be all "Dear Diary" this and "Dear Diary" that . . .

A terrifically funny page-turner
- *Financial Times*

I recommend this to anyone who likes a good laugh
- Dominic, aged 9

Hilarious
- *Sunday Telegraph*

I'm pretty much the best person I know
- Greg Heffley, aged 12

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
Penguin Group (USA) Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Group (Canada), 90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700, Toronto, Ontario,
Canada M4P 2Y3 (a division of Pearson Penguin Canada Inc.)
Penguin Ireland, 25 St Stephen's Green, Dublin 2, Ireland (a division of Penguin Books Ltd)
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Penguin Books (South Africa) (Pty) Ltd, 24 Sturdee Avenue, Rosebank, Johannesburg 2196, South Africa

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
puffinbooks.com

Extract from *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* first published by Harry N. Abrams, Incorporated,
New York, 2007; published in Great Britain in Puffin Books 2008
Extract from *Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Rodrick Rules* first published by Harry N. Abrams,
Incorporated, New York, 2008; published in Great Britain in Puffin Books 2009
Extracts from *Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Do-It-Yourself Book* first published by Harry N. Abrams,
Incorporated, New York, 2008; published in Great Britain in Puffin Books 2009
Extract from *Diary of a Wimpy Kid: The Last Straw* first published by Harry N. Abrams,
Incorporated, New York, 2009; published in Great Britain in Puffin Books 2009
This book first published 2009
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NOT FOR RESALE

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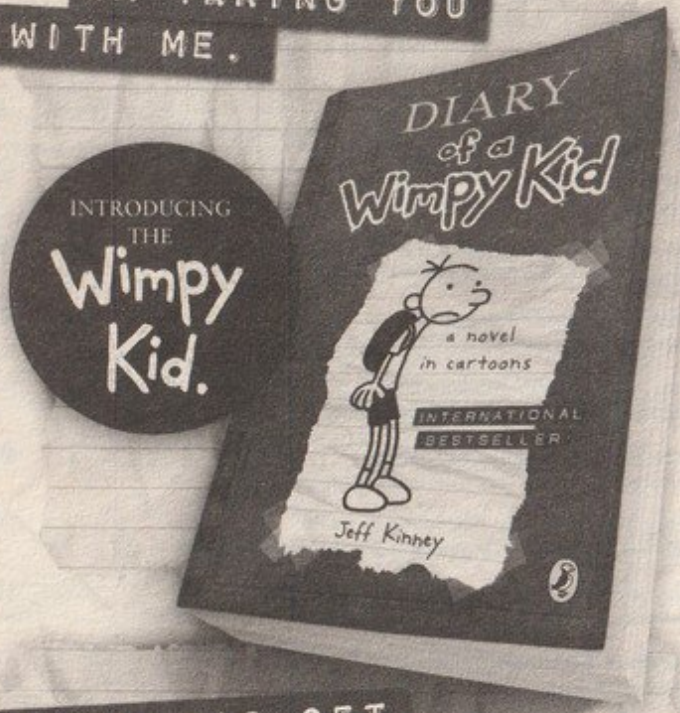
WARNING!
NO MORONS ALLOWED.

TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL AND I, GREG HEFFLEY, AM TAKING YOU WITH ME.



BUT LET'S GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT, I'M NOT GOING TO WRITE ABOUT MY FEELINGS OR ANYTHING.

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday

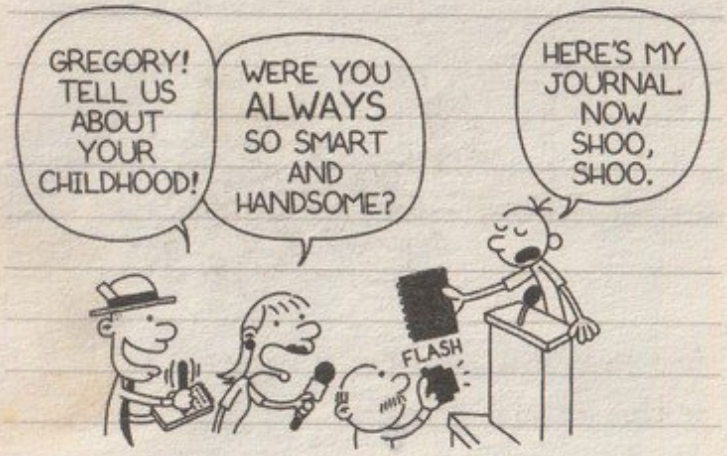
First of all, let me get something straight: this is a JOURNAL, not a diary. I know what it says on the cover, but when Mom went out to buy this thing I SPECIFICALLY told her to get one that didn't say "diary" on it.

Great. All I need is for some jerk to catch me carrying this book around and get the wrong idea.

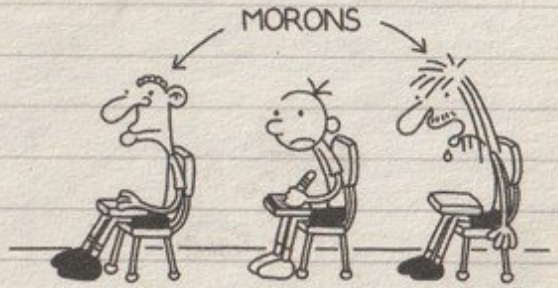
The other thing I want to clear up right away is that this was MOM's idea, not mine.

But if she thinks I'm going to write down my "feelings" in here or whatever, she's crazy. So just don't expect me to be all "Dear Diary" this and "Dear Diary" that.

The only reason I agreed to do this at all is because I figure later on when I'm rich and famous, I'll have better things to do than answer people's stupid questions all day long. So this book is gonna come in handy.



Like I said, I'll be famous one day, but for now I'm stuck in middle school with a bunch of morons.



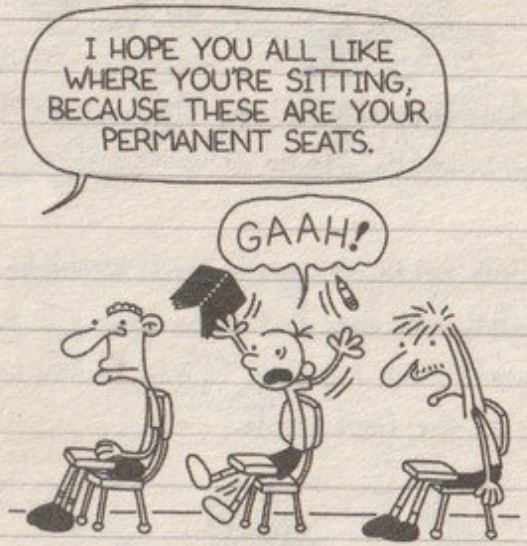
Let me just say for the record that I think middle school is the dumbest idea ever invented. You've got kids like me who haven't hit their growth spurt yet mixed in with these gorillas who need to shave twice a day.

And then they wonder why bullying is such a big problem in middle school.

If it was up to me, grade levels would be based on height, not age. But then again, I guess that would mean kids like Chirag Gupta would still be in the first grade.

Today is the first day of school, and right now we're just waiting around for the teacher to hurry up and finish the seating chart. So I figured I might as well write in this book to pass the time.

By the way, let me give you some good advice. On the first day of school, you've got to be real careful where you sit. You walk into the classroom and just plunk your stuff down on any old desk and the next thing you know the teacher is saying -



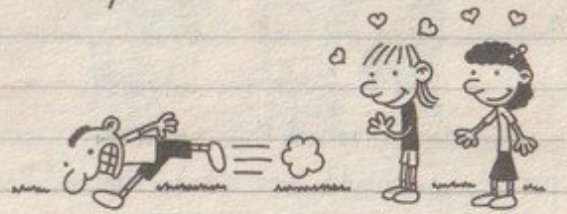
So in this class, I got stuck with Chris Hosey in front of me and Lionel James at the back of me.

Jason Brill came in late and almost sat to my right, but luckily I stopped that from happening at the last second.

Next period, I should just sit in the middle of a bunch of hot girls as soon as I step in the room. But I guess if I do that, it just proves I didn't learn anything from last year.

Man, I don't know WHAT is up with girls these days. It used to be a whole lot simpler back in elementary school. The deal was, if you were the fastest runner in your class, you got all the girls.

And in the fifth grade, the fastest runner was Ronnie McCoy.



Nowadays, it's a whole lot more complicated. Now it's about the kind of clothes you wear or how rich you are or if you have a cute butt or whatever. And kids like Ronnie McCoy are scratching their heads wondering what the heck happened.

The most popular boy in my grade is Bryce Anderson. The thing that really stinks is that I have ALWAYS been into girls, but kids like Bryce have only come around in the last couple of years.

I remember how Bryce used to act back in elementary school.

But of course now I don't get any credit for sticking with the girls all this time.

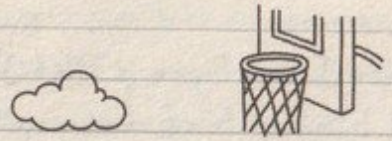
Like I said, Bryce is the most popular kid in our grade, so that leaves all the rest of us guys scrambling for the other spots.

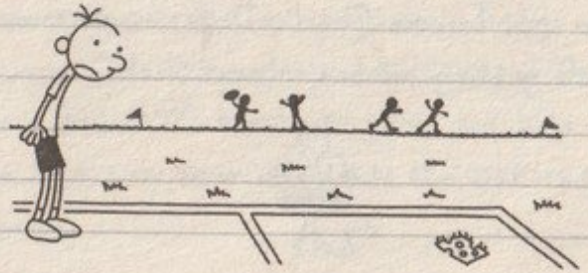
The best I can figure is that I'm somewhere around 52nd or 53rd most popular this year. But the good news is that I'm about to move up one spot because Charlie Davies is above me, and he's getting his braces next week.

I try to explain all this popularity stuff to my friend Rowley (who is probably hovering right around the 150 mark, by the way), but I think it just goes in one ear and out the other with him.

Wednesday

Today we had Phys Ed, so the first thing I did when I got outside was sneak off to the basketball court to see if the Cheese was still there. And sure enough, it was.





That piece of Cheese has been sitting on the court since last spring. I guess it must've dropped out of someone's sandwich or something. After a couple of days, the Cheese started getting all mouldy and nasty. Nobody would play basketball on the court where the Cheese was, even though that was the only court that had a hoop with a net.

Then one day, this kid named Darren Walsh touched the Cheese with his finger, and that's what started this thing called the Cheese Touch. It's basically like the Cooties. If you get the Cheese Touch, you're stuck with it until you pass it on to someone else.

The only way to protect yourself from the Cheese Touch is to cross your fingers.

But it's not that easy remembering to keep your fingers crossed every moment of the day. I ended up taping mine together so they'd stay crossed all the time. I got a D in handwriting, but it was totally worth it.

This one kid named Abe Hall got the Cheese Touch in April, and nobody would even come near him for the rest of the year. This summer Abe moved away to California and took the Cheese Touch with him.

I just hope someone doesn't start the Cheese Touch up again, because I don't need that kind of stress in my life any more.

Thursday

I'm having a seriously hard time getting used to the fact that summer is over and I have to get out of bed every morning to go to school.

My summer did not exactly get off to a great start, thanks to my older brother Rodrick.

A couple of days into summer vacation, Rodrick woke me up in the middle of the night. He told me I slept through the whole summer, but that luckily I woke up just in time for the first day of school.

You might think I was pretty dumb for falling for that one, but Rodrick was dressed up in his school clothes and he'd set my alarm clock ahead to make it look like it was the morning. Plus, he closed my curtains so I couldn't see that it was still dark out.

After Rodrick woke me up, I just got dressed and went downstairs to make myself some breakfast, like I do every morning on a school day.

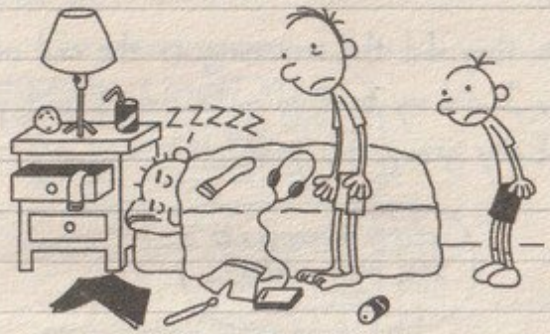
But I guess I must have made a pretty big racket because the next thing I knew, Dad was downstairs, yelling at me for eating Cheerios at 3:00 in the morning.

It took me a minute to figure out what the heck was going on.

After I did, I told Dad that Rodrick had played a trick on me, and HE was the one that should be getting yelled at.

Dad walked down to the basement to chew Rodrick out, and I tagged along. I couldn't wait to see Rodrick get what was coming to him.

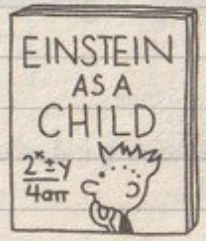
But Rodrick covered up his tracks pretty good. And to this day, I'm sure Dad thinks I've got a screw loose or something.



Friday

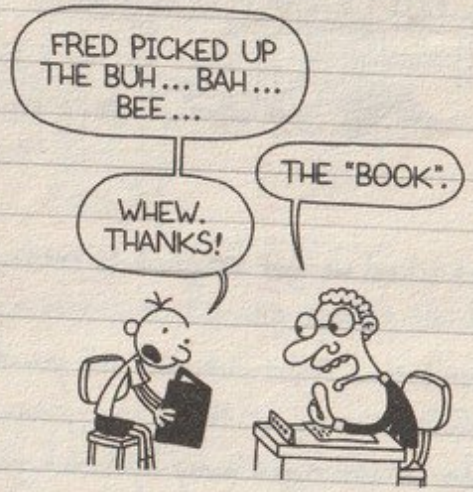
Today at school we got assigned to reading groups.

They don't come right out and tell you if you're in the Gifted group or the Easy group, but you can figure it out right away by looking at the covers of the books they hand out.



I was pretty disappointed to find out I got put in the Gifted group, because that just means a lot of extra work.

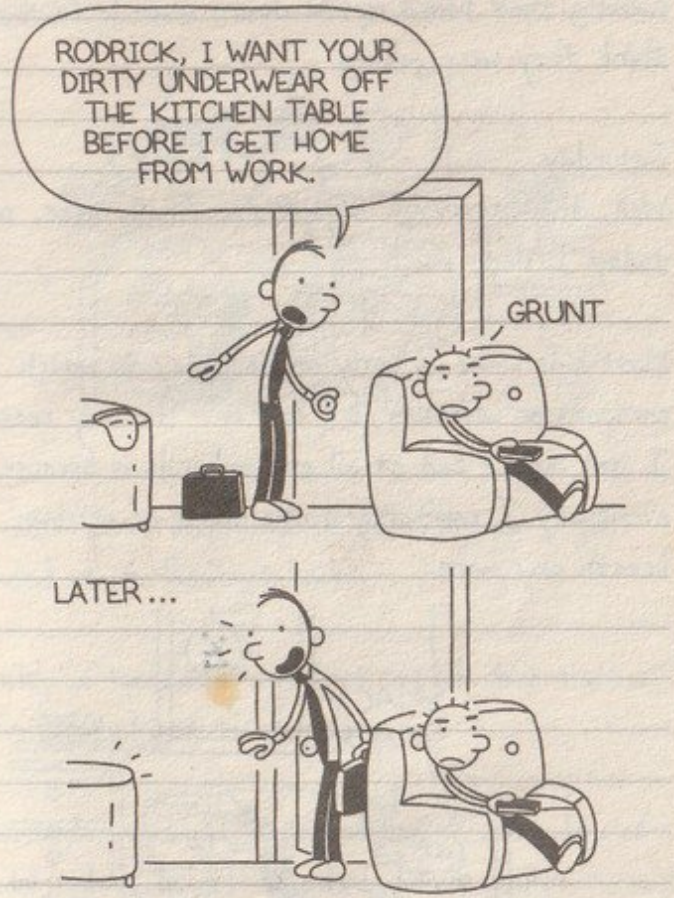
When they did the screening at the end of last year, I did my best to make sure I got put in the Easy group this year.



Mom is real tight with our principal, so I'll bet she stepped in and made sure I got put in the Gifted group again.

Mom is always saying I'm a smart kid, but that I just don't "apply" myself.

But if there's one thing I learned from Rodrick, it's to set people's expectations real low so you end up surprising them by practically doing nothing at all.



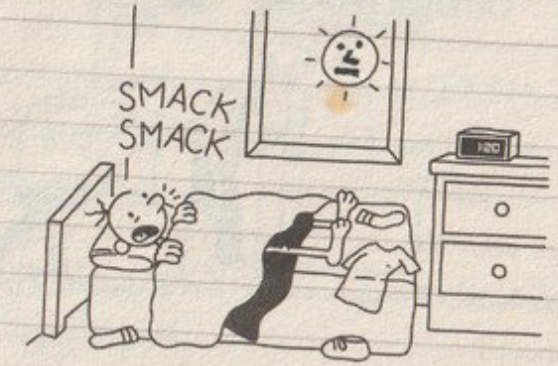
Actually, I'm kind of glad my plan to get put in the Easy group didn't work.

I saw a couple of the "Bink Says Boo" kids holding their books upside down, and I don't think they were joking.

Saturday

Well, the first week of school is finally over, so today I slept in.

Most kids wake up early on Saturday to watch cartoons or whatever, but not me. The only reason I get out of bed at all on weekends is because eventually I can't stand the taste of my own breath any more.



Unfortunately, Dad wakes up at 6:00 in the morning no matter WHAT day of the week it is, and he is not real considerate of the fact that I am trying to enjoy my Saturday like a normal person.

I didn't have anything to do today so I just headed up to Rowley's house.

Rowley is technically my best friend, but that is definitely subject to change.

I've been avoiding Rowley since the first day of school, when he did something that really annoyed me.

We were getting our stuff from our lockers at the end of the day, and Rowley came up to me and said -

I have told Rowley at least a billion times that now that we're in middle school, you're supposed to say "hang out", not "play". But no matter how many noogies I give him, he always forgets the next time.

I've been trying to be a lot more careful about my image ever since I got to middle school. But having Rowley around is definitely not helping.

I met Rowley a few years ago when he moved into my neighbourhood.

His mom bought him this book called "How to Make Friends in New Places", and he came to my house trying all these dumb gimmicks.

I guess I kind of felt sorry for Rowley, and I decided to take him under my wing.

It's been great having him around, mostly because I get to use all the tricks Rodrick pulls on ME.

DID YOU KNOW THAT IF YOUR HAND IS BIGGER THAN YOUR FACE IT'S A SIGN OF "LOW INTELLIGENCE"?
REALLY?
HA! GOTCHA!
WHAP!
BUT DO I HAVE "LOW INTELLIGENCE"?
HMM... LET ME CHECK AGAIN.

The FIRST FOUR LAWS you'll pass when you get elected president

1. Everbodx will watch dragonballz episoids on the computor at Leeast Once a week

2. you only have to go to schod if you want to

3.

4.

"I hereby decree that no middle school student shalt have to take a shower after Phys Ed."

PERSONALITY

What's your favourite ANIMAL?

Dolphin

Write down FOUR ADJECTIVES that describe why you like that animal:

(EXAMPLE: FRIENDLY, COOL, ETC.)

Smart Cool

cheerful Friendly

What's your favourite COLOUR?

Bright yellow

Write down FOUR ADJECTIVES that describe why you like that colour:

Common

The adjectives you wrote down for your favourite ANIMAL describe HOW YOU THINK OF YOURSELF.

The adjectives you wrote down for your favourite COLOUR describe HOW OTHER PEOPLE THINK OF YOU.

TEST

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS AND THEN FLIP THE BOOK UPSIDE DOWN TO FIND OUT THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT YOURSELF.

What's the title of the last BOOK you read?

Dragonball volume15

List FOUR ADJECTIVES that describe what you thought of that book:

cool shocking

action packed inspiring

What's the name of your favourite MOVIE?

Dragonball broly the movie

Write down FOUR ADJECTIVES that describe why you liked that movie:

shocking Fantastic

Suspencive addictive

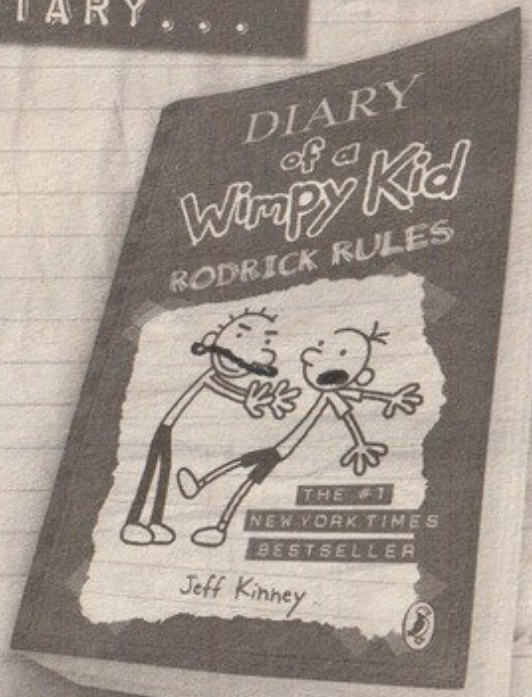
The adjectives you wrote down for the last BOOK you read describe HOW YOU THINK OF SCHOOL.

The adjectives you wrote down for your favourite MOVIE describe WHAT YOU'LL BE LIKE in thirty years.

Make your

OWN comics

READ WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR BIG BROTHER FINDS YOUR DIARY...



YEAH, YOU GUESSED IT, "SISSY" THIS AND "SISSY" THAT!

SEPTEMBER

Monday

I guess Mom was pretty proud of herself for making me write in that journal last year, because now she went and bought me another one.

But remember how I said that if some jerk caught me carrying a book with "diary" on the cover, they were gonna get the wrong idea? Well, that's exactly what happened today.

(MY BROTHER RODRICK)

Now that Rodrick knows I have another journal, I better remember to keep this one locked up. Rodrick actually got hold of my LAST journal a few weeks back, and it was a disaster. But don't even get me started on THAT story.

Even without my Rodrick problems, my summer was pretty lousy.

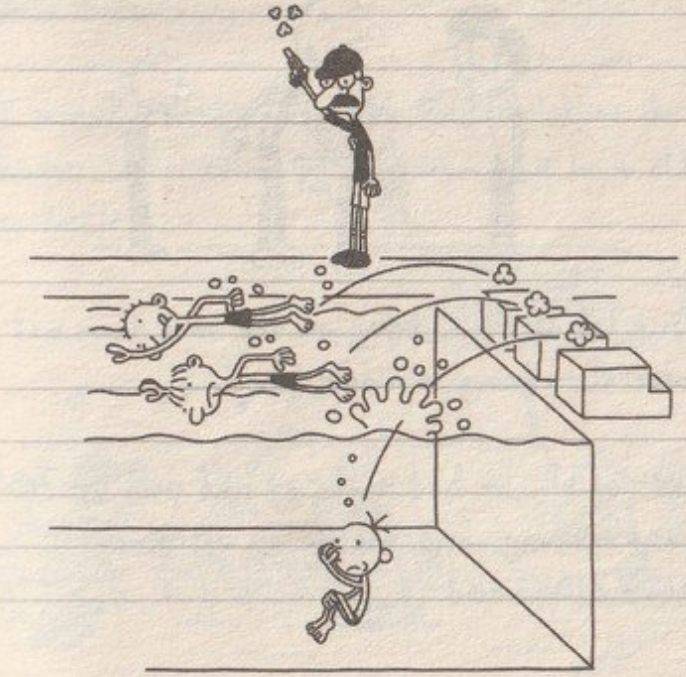
Our family didn't go anywhere or do anything fun, and that's Dad's fault. Dad made me join the swim team again, and he wanted to make sure I didn't miss any meets this year.

Dad's got this idea that I'm destined to be a great swimmer or something, so that's why he makes me join the team every summer.

At my first swim meet a couple of years ago, Dad told me that when the umpire shot off the starter pistol, I was supposed to dive in and start swimming.

But what he DIDN'T tell me was that the starter gun only fired BLANKS.

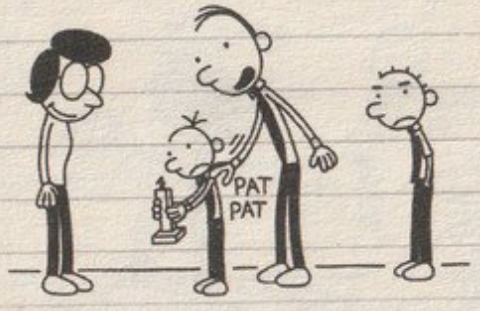
So I was a whole lot more worried about where the bullet was gonna land than I was about getting myself to the other end of the pool.



Even after Dad explained the whole "starter pistol" concept to me, I was still the worst swimmer on the team.

But I did end up winning "Most Improved" at the awards banquet at the end of the summer. That's only because there was a ten-minute difference between my first race and my last one.

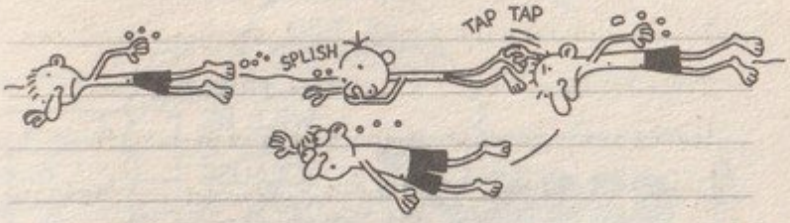
So I guess Dad's still waiting for me to live up to my potential.



In a lot of ways, being on the swim team was worse than being in middle school.

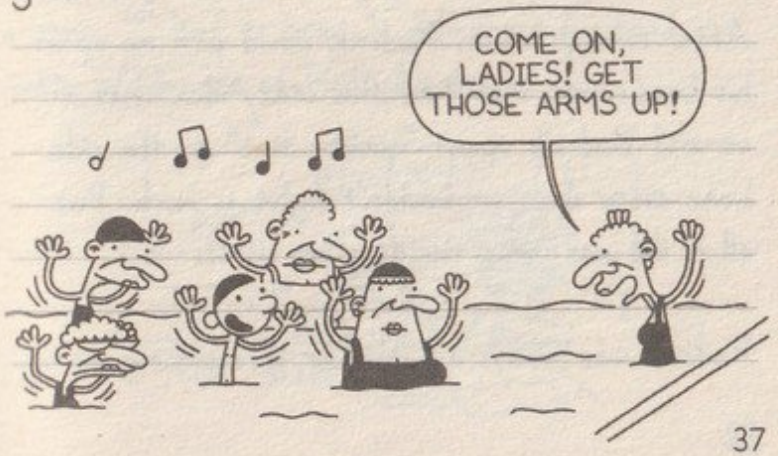
First of all, we had to be at the pool by 7:30 every morning, and the water was always FREEZING cold.

And, second of all, we were all crammed into two lanes, so I always had somebody on my tail trying to get round me.



The reason we had to use two lanes was because swim practice was at the same time as the Water Jazz class.

I actually tried to convince Dad to let me do Water Jazz instead of swim team, but he wouldn't go for it.

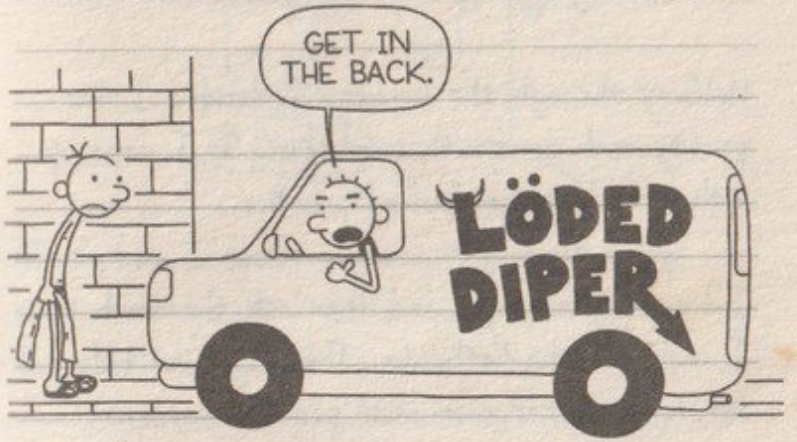


This was the first summer the coach let us boys wear swimming trunks instead of those skimpy racing trunks. But Mom said Rodrick's hand-me-down bathing suit was "perfectly fine".

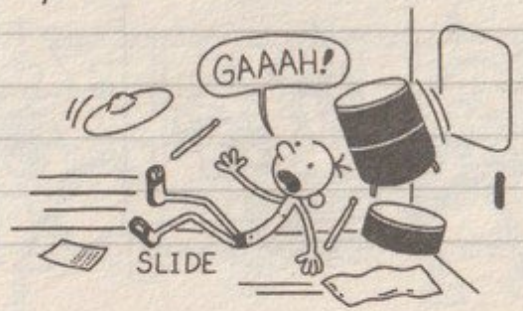
After swim practice, Rodrick would pick me up in his band's van. Mom had this crazy idea that if me and Rodrick spent "quality time" on the ride home every day, we wouldn't fight as much. But all it did was make things a lot worse.

Rodrick was always a half hour late picking me up.

And he wouldn't let me sit up front. He said the chlorine would ruin his seat, even though the van is something like fifteen years old.



Rodrick's van doesn't actually have any seats in the back, so I had to squeeze in with all the band equipment. And every time the van came to a stop, I had to pray I didn't get my head taken off by one of Rodrick's drums.



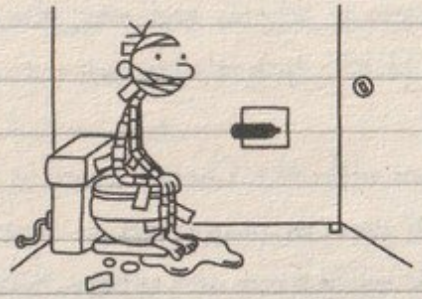
I ended up walking home every day instead of getting a ride from Rodrick. I figured it was better to just walk the two miles than to get brain damage riding in the back of that van.

Halfway through the summer, I decided I was pretty much done with swim team. So I came up with a trick to get out of practice.

I'd swim a few laps, and then ask the coach if I could use the bathroom. Then I'd just hide out in the locker room until practice was over.

The only problem with my plan was that it was something like zero degrees in the boys' bathroom. So it was even colder in THERE than it was in the pool.

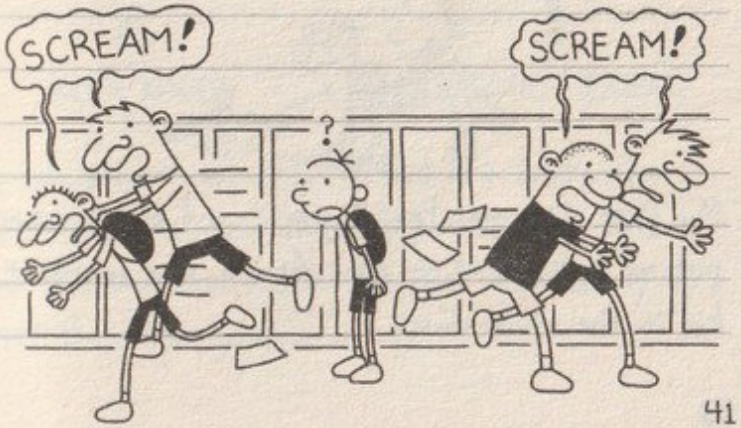
I had to wrap myself up in toilet paper so I didn't get hypothermia.



That's how I spent a pretty big chunk of my summer holidays. And that's why I'm actually looking forward to going back to school tomorrow.

Tuesday

When I got to school today, everybody was acting all strange around me, and at first I didn't know WHAT was up.



Then I remembered: I still had the Cheese Touch from LAST year. I got the Cheese Touch in the last week of school, and over the summer I COMPLETELY forgot about it.

The problem with the Cheese Touch is that you've got it until you can pass it on to someone else. But nobody would even get within thirty feet of me, so I knew I was gonna be stuck with the Cheese Touch for the whole school year.

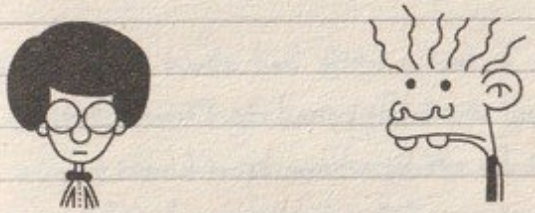
Luckily, there was a new kid named Jeremy Pindle in homeroom, so that took care of THAT problem.

My first class was Pre-Algebra, and the teacher put me right next to Alex Aruda, the smartest kid in the whole class.

Alex is SUPER easy to copy from, because he always finishes his test early and puts his paper down on the floor next to him. So if I ever get in a pinch, it's nice to know I can count on Alex to bail me out.

Kids whose last names start with the first few letters of the alphabet get called on the most by the teacher, and that's why they end up being the smartest.

Some people think that's not true, but if you want to come down to my school, I can prove it.

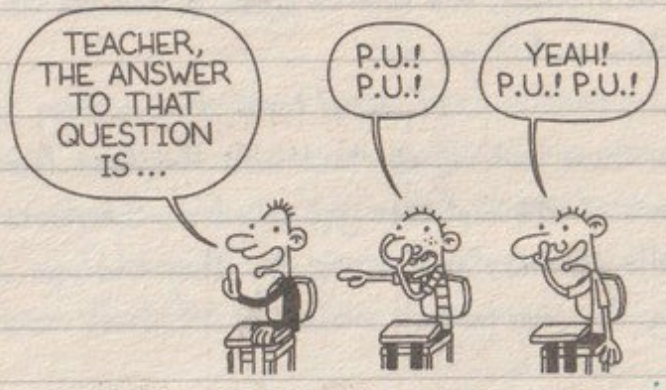


ALEX ARUDA

CHRISTOPHER ZIEGEL

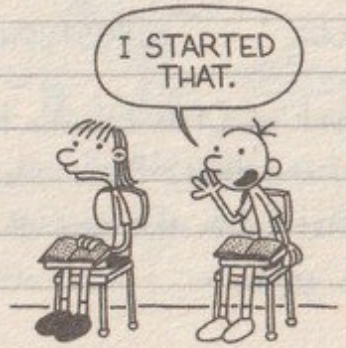
I can only think of ONE kid who broke the last-name rule, and that's Peter Uteger. Peter was the smartest kid in the class all the way up until the fifth grade.

That's when a bunch of us started giving him a hard time about how his initials sounded when you said them out loud.

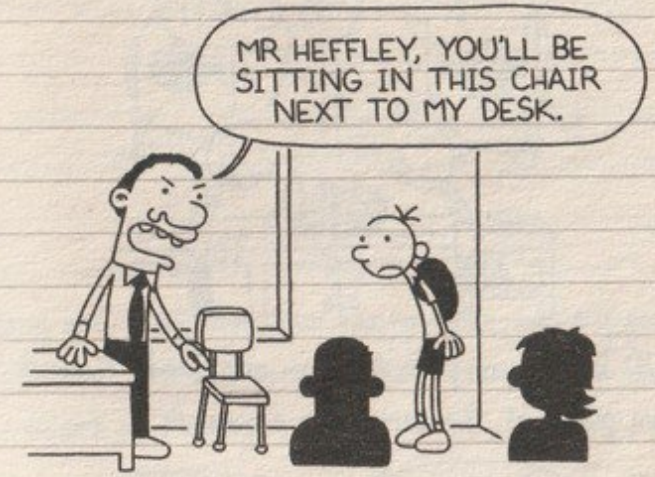


These days, Peter doesn't raise his hand at ALL, and he's pretty much a C student.

I guess I feel a little bad about the whole P.U. thing and what happened to Peter. But it's hard not to take credit whenever it comes up.



Anyway, today I got pretty decent seats in all my classes except seventh-period History. My teacher is Mr Huff, and something tells me he had Rodrick as a student a few years back.



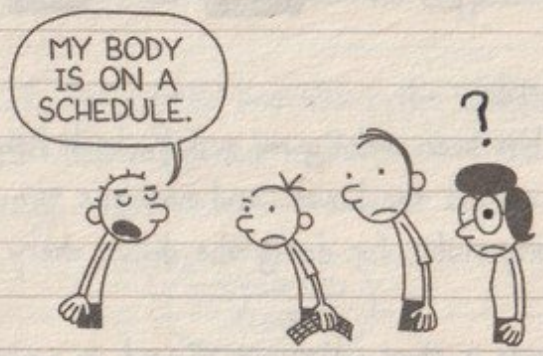
Wednesday

Mom has been making me and Rodrick help out more around the house, and now the two of us are responsible for doing the dishes every night.

The rule is that we're not allowed to watch any TV or play video games until all the dishes are done. But let me just say that Rodrick is the WORST dishes partner in the world.

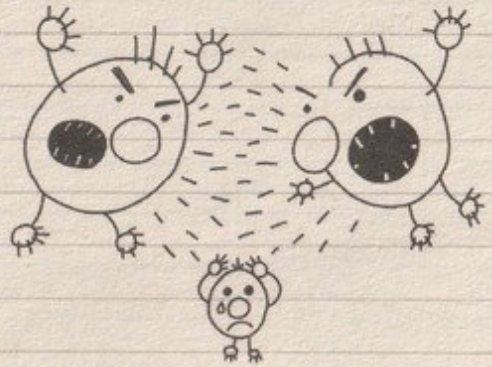
As soon as dinner is over, he goes upstairs to the bathroom and camps out there for an hour. And by the time he comes back downstairs, I'm already done.

But if I ever complain to Mom and Dad, Rodrick always pulls out the same lame excuse:



I think Mom and Dad are too worried about my little brother, Manny, to get involved in a fight between me and Rodrick right now anyway.

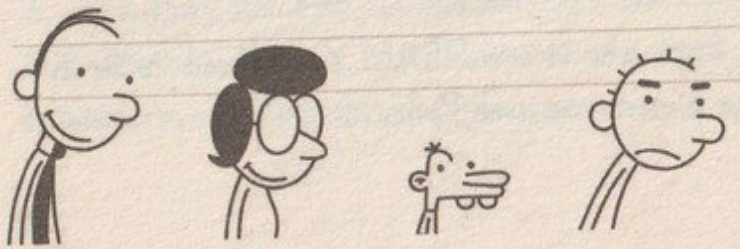
Yesterday, Manny drew a picture at nursery, and Mom and Dad got really upset when they found it in his backpack.



Mom and Dad thought the picture was supposed to be of THEM, so now they're acting all lovey in front of Manny.

I knew who it was REALLY supposed to be in the picture: me and Rodrick.

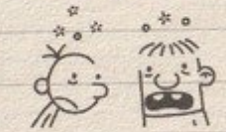
Draw your FAMILY



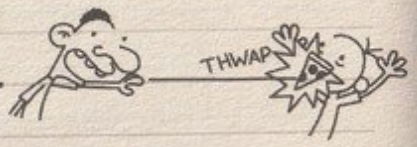
the way Greg Heffley would

Things you should do

- [x] Stay up all night.



- [ ] Ride on a roller coaster with a loop in it.
- [ ] Get in a food fight.

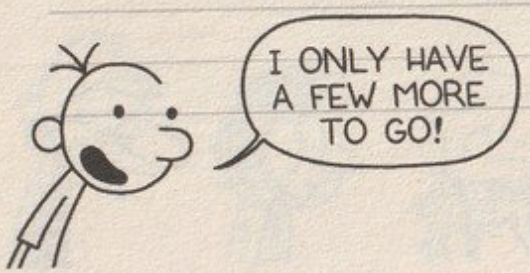


- [x] Get an autograph from a famous person.
- [ ] Get a hole-in-one in miniature golf.

- [ ] Give yourself a haircut.

- [ ] Write down an idea for an invention.

- [x] Spend three nights in a row away from home.
- [x] Mail someone a letter with a real stamp and everything.



before you get old

- [x] Go on a campout.

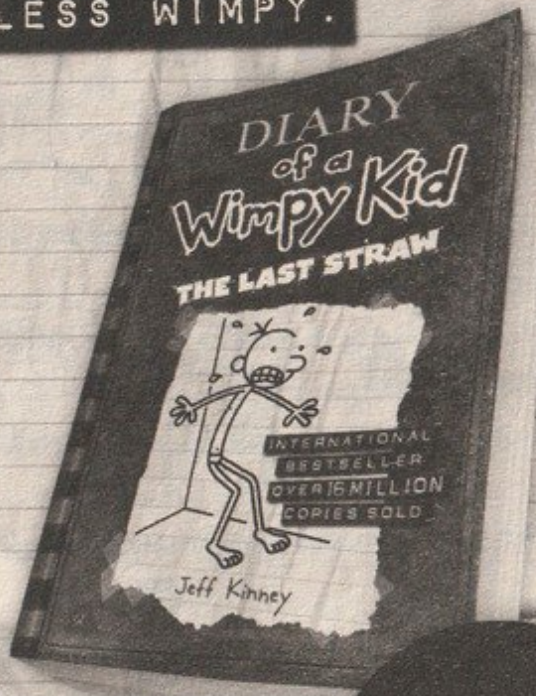
- [x] Read a whole book with no pictures in it.
- [x] Beat someone who's older than you in a footrace.

- [x] Make it through a whole lollipop without biting it.

- [x] Use a porta-potty.

- [x] Score at least one point in an organized sport.
- [ ] Try out for a talent show.

IT'S A NEW YEAR AND GREG'S DAD IS ON A MISSION TO MAKE THIS WIMPY KID, WELL, LESS WIMPY.



EXCLUSIVE SNEAK PREVIEW.

JANUARY

New Year's Day

You know how you're supposed to come up with a list of "resolutions" at the beginning of the year to try to make yourself a better person?

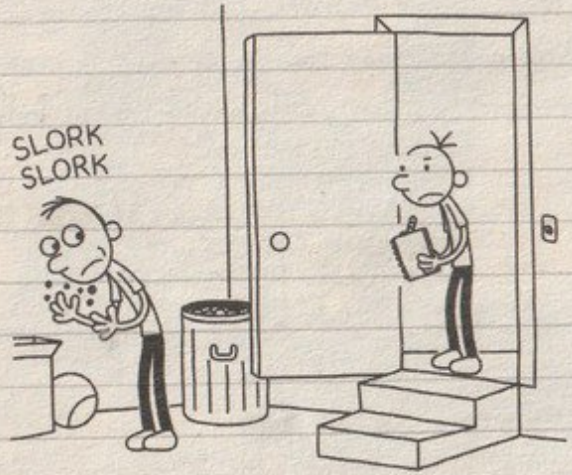
Well, the problem is it's not easy for me to think of ways to improve myself, because I'm already pretty much one of the best people I know.

So this year my resolution is to try to help OTHER people improve. But the thing I'm finding out is that some people don't really appreciate it when you're trying to be helpful.

One thing I noticed right off the bat is that the people in my family are doing a lousy job sticking to THEIR New Year's resolutions.

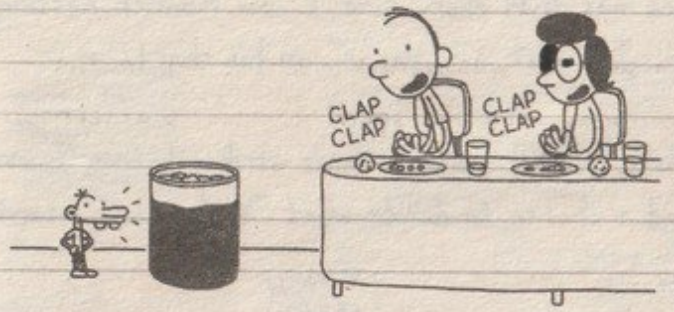
Mom said she was gonna start going to the gym today, but she spent the whole afternoon watching TV.

And Dad said he was gonna go on a strict diet, but after dinner I caught him out in the garage, stuffing his face with brownies.

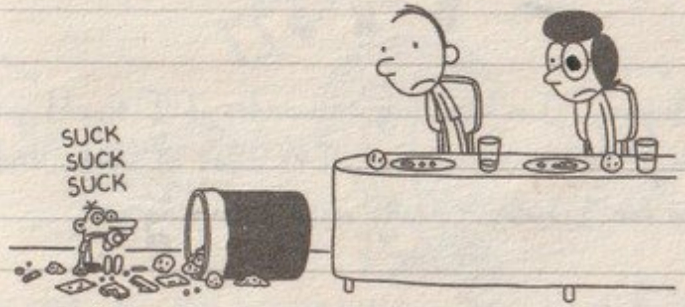


Even my little brother, Manny, couldn't stick with his resolution.

This morning he told everyone that he's a "big boy" and he's giving up his pacifier for good. Then he threw his favourite binkie in the trash.



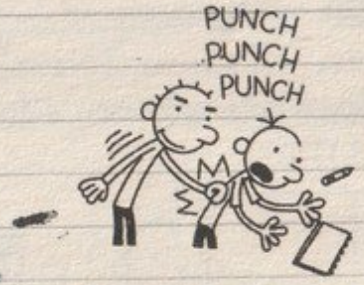
Well, THAT New Year's resolution didn't even last a full MINUTE.



The only person in my family who didn't come up with a resolution is my older brother, Rodrick, and that's a pity because his list should be about a mile and a half long.

So I decided to come up with a programme to help Rodrick be a better person. I called my plan "Three Strikes and You're Out". The basic idea was that every time I saw Rodrick messing up, I'd mark a little "X" on his chart.

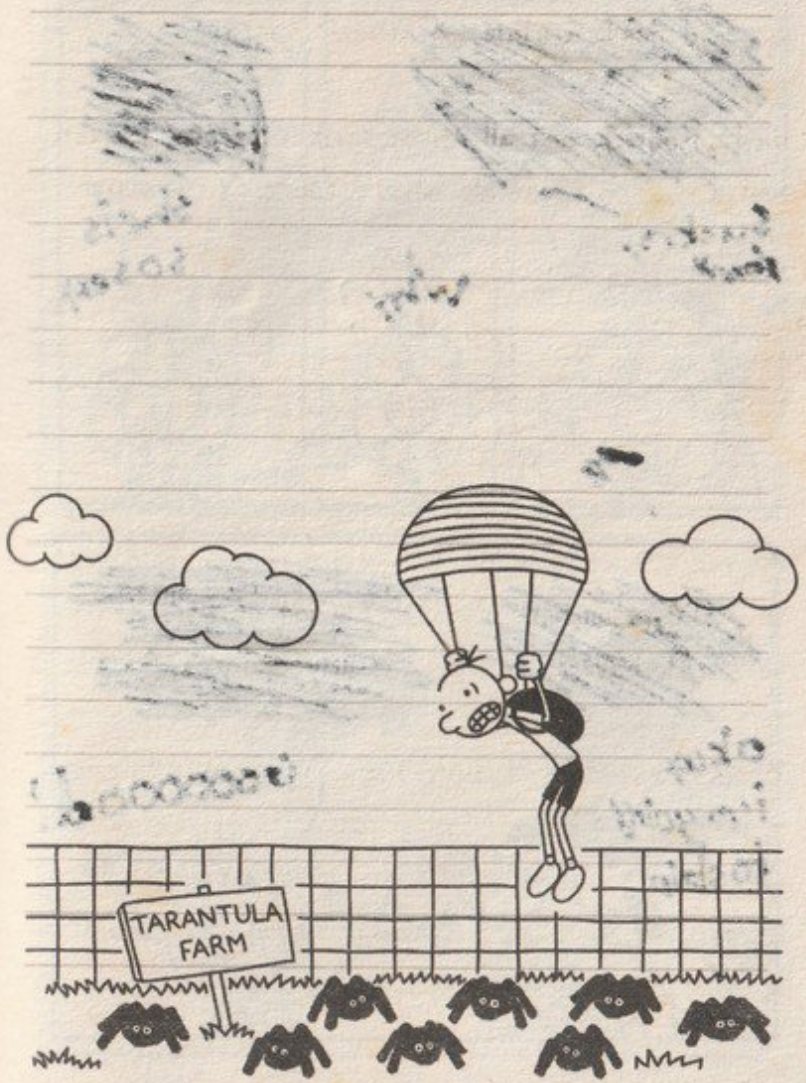
Well, Rodrick got all three strikes before I even had a chance to decide what "You're Out" meant.



Anyway, I'm starting to wonder if I should just bag MY resolution, too. It's a lot of work, and so far I haven't really made any progress.

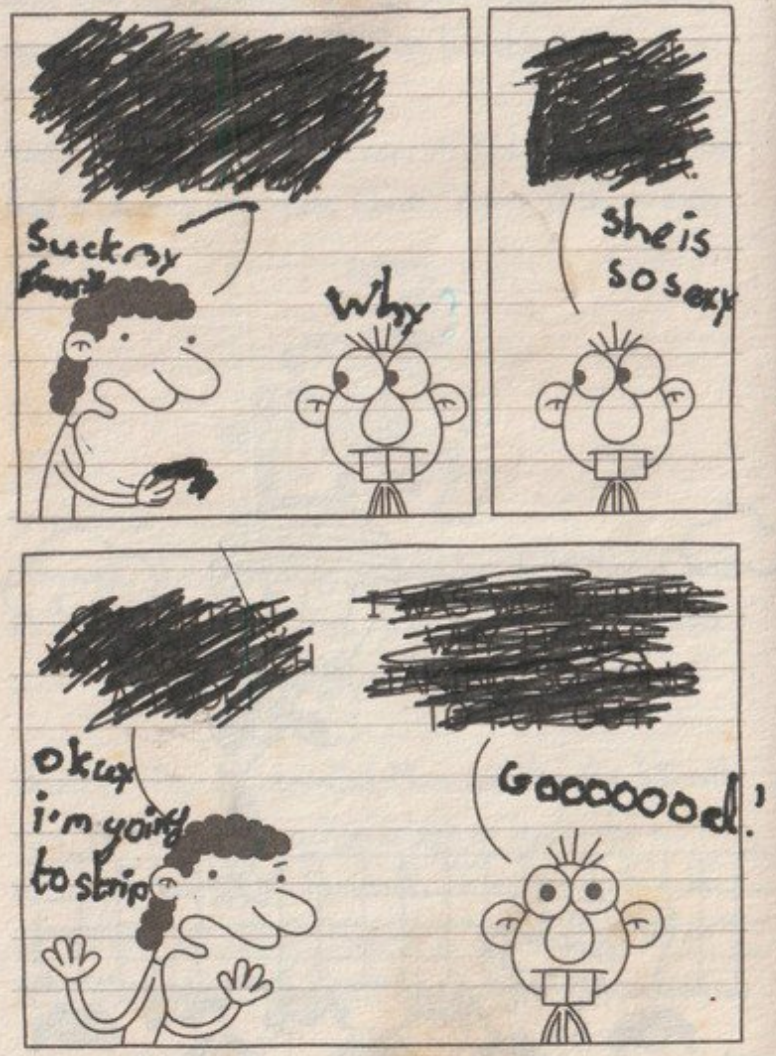
Besides, after I reminded Mom for like the billionth time to stop chewing her crisps so loud, she made a really good point. She said, "Everyone can't be as perfect as YOU, Gregory." And from what I've seen so far I think she's right.

The WORST NIGHTMARE you've ever had



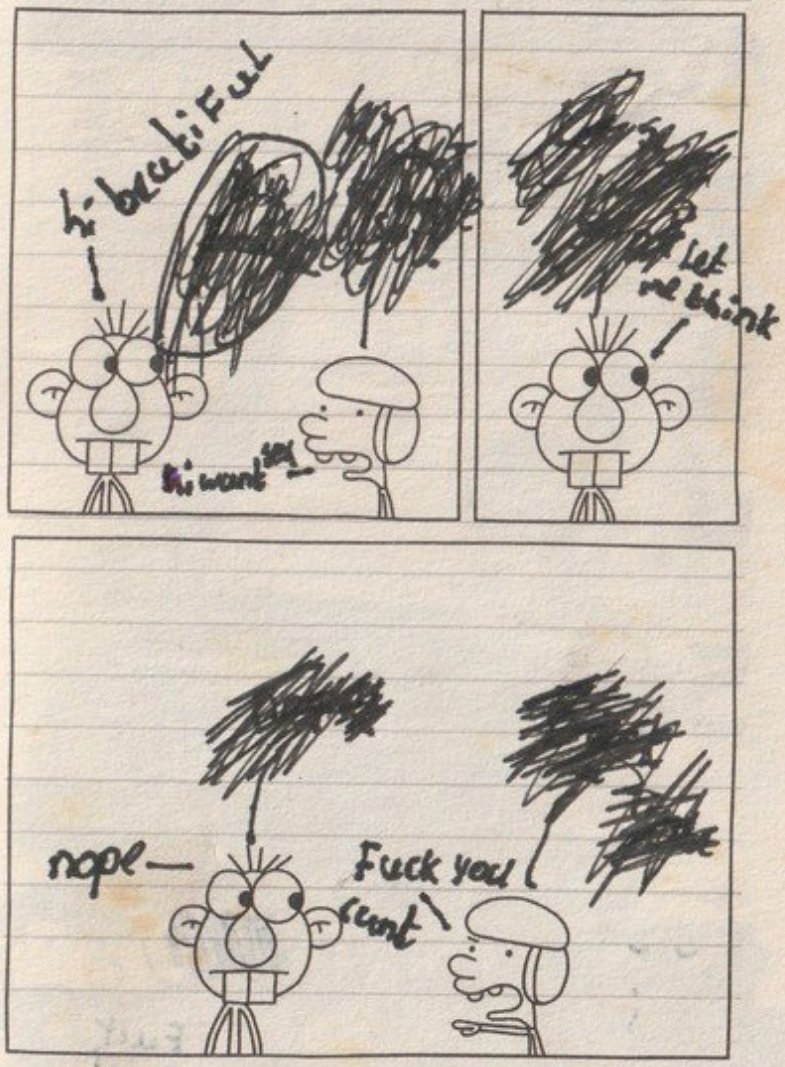
Unfinished

Creighton the Cretin



COMICS

Creighton the Cretin



Five things NOBODY KNOWS about you

BECAUSE THEY NEVER BOTHERED TO ASK

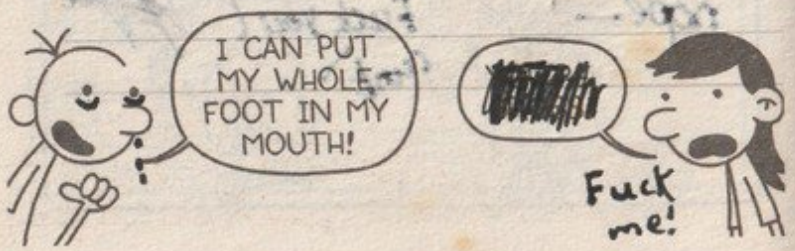
1.

2.

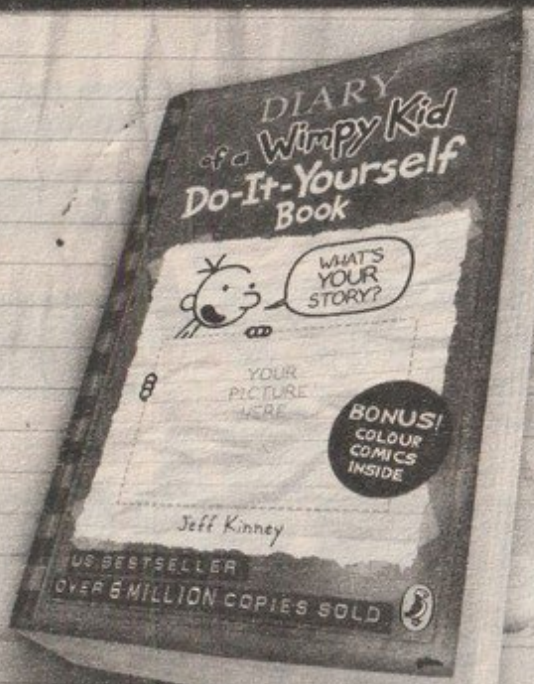
3.

4.

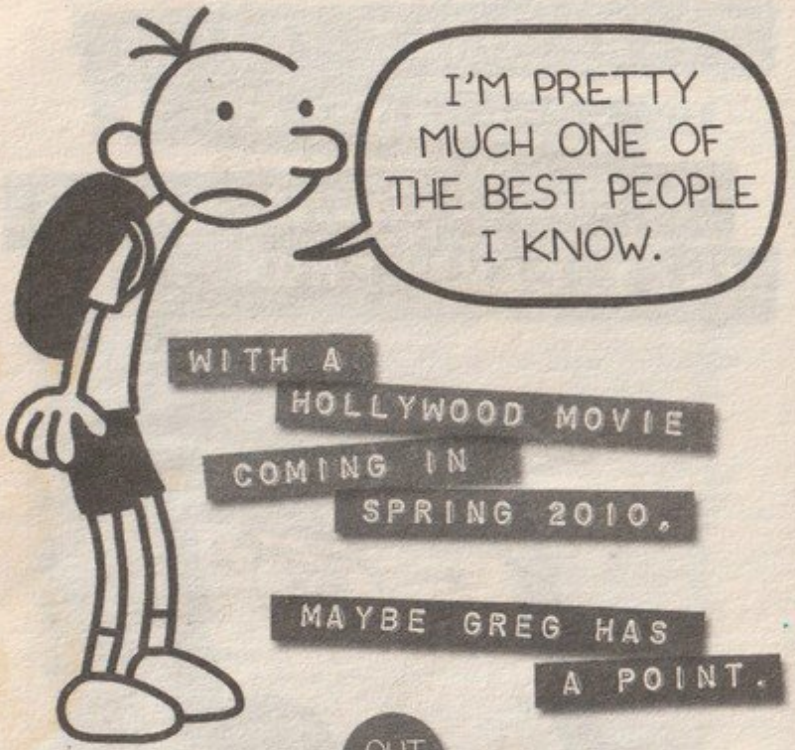
5.



LIKED WHAT YOU'VE SEEN SO FAR? THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM...



WARNING! PUT YOUR DIARY SOMEWHERE SAFE AFTER YOU FINISH IT.



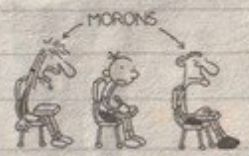
WITH A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE COMING IN SPRING 2010,

MAYBE GREG HAS A POINT.

OUT NOW

DIARY of a Wimpy Kid
DIARY of a Wimpy Kid RODRICK RULES
DIARY of a Wimpy Kid Do-It-Yourself Book
DIARY of a Wimpy Kid THE LAST STRAW
COMING AUGUST

DON,T BE A MORON! PICK UP A BOOK



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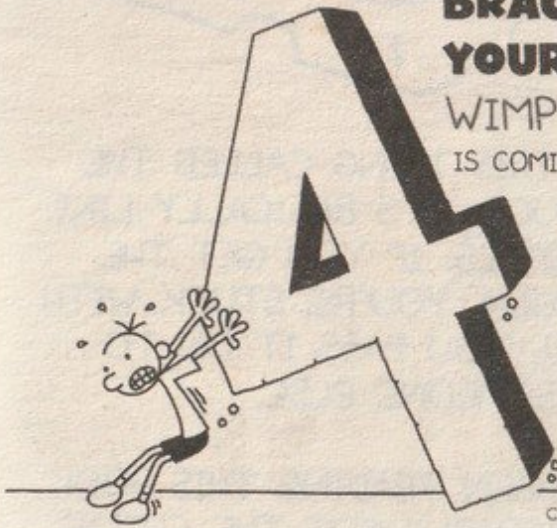
CATCH GREG AGAIN IN

BRACE YOURSELF . . .
WIMPY KID 4
IS COMING 12.10.09



TITLE TO BE REVEALED SOON!

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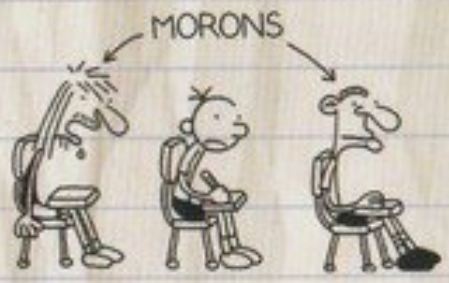
HAVE YOU TOUCHED THE CHEESE?

THERE'S THIS THING CALLED THE CHEESE TOUCH. IT'S BASICALLY LIKE THE COOTIES. IF YOU GET THE CHEESE TOUCH, YOU'RE STUCK WITH IT UNTIL YOU PASS IT ON TO SOMEONE ELSE.

IF YOU'VE BEEN READING THIS BOOK, YOU'VE PROBABLY GOT THE CHEESE TOUCH. DUDE, GROSS.

YOU'D BETTER PASS IT ON!

NO STRANGER TO TROUBLE, GREG IS STUCK IN MIDDLE SCHOOL WITH A BUNCH OF MORONS.

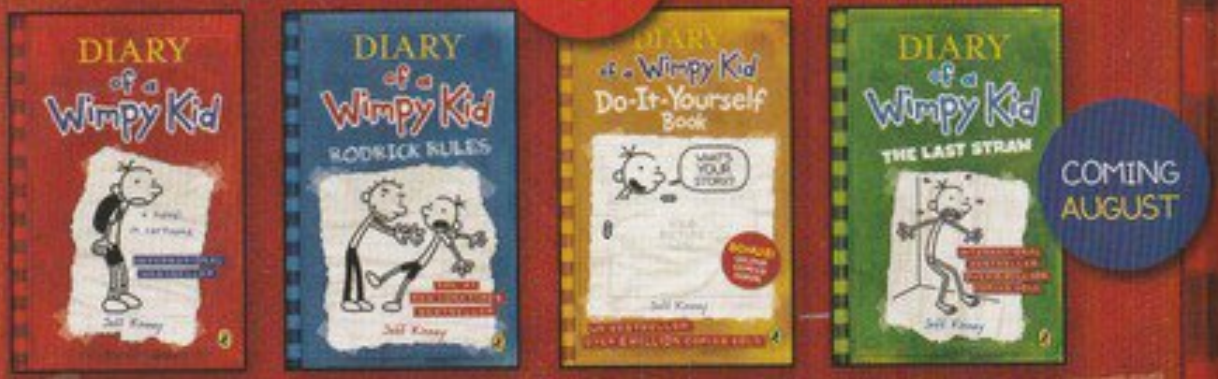


HIS PARENTS ARE CRAZY. NO, REALLY, THEY ARE.
AND HIS BROTHERS ARE REALLY ANNOYING.

HOW DOES HE COPE?
BY WRITING IT ALL DOWN!

- HILARIOUS EXTRACTS FROM EACH BOOK IN THE SERIES
FIND THE WIMPY KID IN YOU WITH GAMES FROM
DIARY OF A WIMPY KID: DO-IT-YOURSELF BOOK
- NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN EXCLUSIVE SNEAK PREVIEW
OF THE NEW WIMPY KID ADVENTURE
DIARY OF A WIMPY KID: THE LAST STRAW

OUT NOW



COMING AUGUST

JUST DON'T EXPECT GREG
TO BE ALL "DEAR DIARY" THI
AND "DEAR DIARY" THAT . .

Wimpy Kid

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